ARTHUR GUY EMPEYS GRIPPING WAR SONG

Our Country's In It Now We've Got To Win It Now

Words by
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Author of the Famous Book & Star of the VITAGRAPH Feature Photoplay "OVER THE TOP"

Music by
CHARLES R. McCARRON
and
CAREY MORGAN

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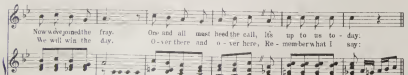
March Tempo

Ger-man-y be - gan this war, Bel-gium had no chance, And to help her
We can help by buy-ing bonds, Food we must con-serve, Wheat-less buns help,

It - a - ly and Eng-land joined with France; They've been fight-ing quite a while,
cove the Hons the lick-ing they de - serve. Wear an op - ti - mis - tic smile,


Now we've joined the fray. One and all must heed the call, It's up to us to - day:
We will win the day. O - ver there and o - ver here, Re - member what I say:
poco rit

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"APPEALING" Type
SEND BACK DEAR DADDY TO ME
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I'm In The Army Now
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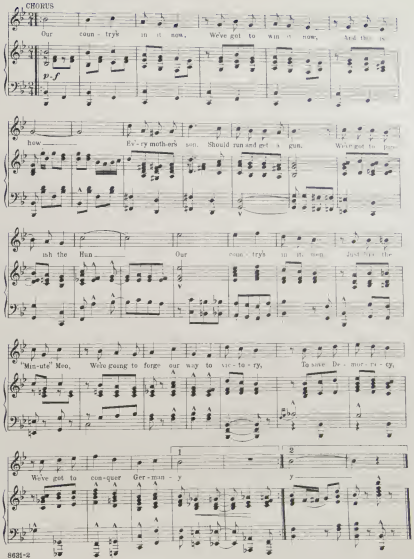
Our coun - try's in it now, We've got to win it now, And the
p - f
how, Ev - 'ry mothers son, Should run and get a gun, Wake up the
ish the Hun, Our coun - try's in it now, Just like the
Min-ute Men, We're going to forge our way to vic - to - ry, To save De - moc - ra - cy,
We've got to con-quer Ger-man - y

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OUR REAL ENEMY

By ARTHUR GUY EMPEY

WHEN a nation enters a war, there are three main points it has to consider in order that victory may be obtained.

The first must be a thorough knowledge of the enemy; that is, the nation must know whom it is fighting.

Second: It must immediately realize the damage the enemy is able to inflict upon it.

Third and last, but really the most important: What damage is the nation able to inflict upon the enemy?

The United States is now at war. It has been at war for over a year; but still there is a large percentage of Americans in this country who do not know it, or, if they do, they attach very little importance to the fact. You and I have often heard this expression: "Why don't they do something." The people asking this question do not realize that they themselves are at war; that if the war is to be won, they must ask themselves the question, "Why don't *I* do something?" When the time comes—and it will, as sure as there is a God in heaven—when ninety-five per cent. of the American public ask themselves the question, "Why don't *I* do something?" then, and only then, will victory loom in sight.

Who is the United States fighting? Americans, to answer this question, we must come down out of the clouds. In the early days of the war nearly all of us joined the Flying Corps, and we have been up in the air ever since on this vital question. We have been so high up in theory and sentiment that we have lost sight of the ground. To win this war, every American must plant his feet firmly in the mud, and look the tragic facts squarely in the face. Only then can we lick Germany. We are not fighting Prussianism and Militarism alone; we *are at war with Germany, the German people, and everything connected with Germany*. The sooner we realize this, the sooner our boys will come marching home, with German helmets stuck on the tips of their bayonets, and with that fiend, Kultur, and the Kaiser, and his idiotic son, the Crown Prince, by the scruff of the neck.

What damage can the enemy do to us? The German under arms will be kept busy by our fighting forces. Our army and navy are fully aware of the damage that can be inflicted by the enemy at the front and on the sea, but our real and most dangerous enemy is the German right here in these United States. It is not the German who gets out on the street, and shouts, *"Hoch der Kaiser,"* that we have to fear. We know what to expect from him. He is a brave man and must be given credit for his nerve. Of course he is going to land in the hospital, and when he wakes up we can put him to sleep again. He is just as foolish as an American would be who ran through the streets of Berlin shouting, "Three cheers for President Wilson!"

THE German that we have to watch and exterminate is the only one who wears the American flag in the lapel of his coat. (I call them Loyal Americans); the one who wears the Red Cross and Liberty Loan buttons below this flag and who, under a camouflage of patriotism, stabs our fighting men in the backs; holds up your actions with his snake-like propaganda; creates an anti-Ally sentiment; preaches an inconclusive peace; spreads rumors of disaster to our troops at the front, and tries to cause general dissatisfaction against the method our government uses in conducting the war.

Americans, it is not the German we all suspected that is arrested as a spy. It is the one who has lived next door to you for twenty years, who has broken bread at your table, and who right now, this very minute, extends to you the glad hand, and boasts of what the United States will do to Germany. It is the one who has an oily smile on his face, and who is always advertising his patriotism. This is the type who, as soon as your back is turned, whispers *"Deutschland ober Alles!"* Beware of the German who sympathizes with you and sheds crocodile tears when he reads the name of your son in a casualty list. When he leaves you and is alone, he takes that same casualty list and gloats over it, and prays to *Gott* that it will continue to lengthen.

Russia was not put out of the war by German and Austrian force of arms; she was defeated and poisoned at her own family table by the German assassin in the interior of Russia.

The Italian reverse was not caused by the German and Austrian armies; Italy was betrayed by the German propagandists from within. But mark my words, Americans, Italy is coming back, and is coming back strong, and will march beside the Allies when they enter Berlin. Her crew will be back in the air, on a level with the up-tilted plus whiskers of our dear old beloved Uncle Sam!

Remember, Americans, every citizen of the United States has a right to arrest any person uttering pro-German or anti-Ally sentiment. Remember this, and act accordingly. Consult your secret service agent, and if at any time you hear a remark against our Government or against our Allies, no matter how trivial or unimportant it may seem to you, either arrest that person, or report to your nearest police station his or her name and address. Quick action will follow. The work of the spy is investigated by the Department of Justice, and if the charges are substantiated, that German is going to disappear. Perhaps after the war we will see him again, and perhaps we won't. Let us hope we won't; for the United States will be well rid of a parasite on the folds of the Star Spangled Banner.

IF the United States throws an army of ten million men on the front against Germany, the war cannot be won unless this mighty army is backed up by a still more powerful army. The army of the people who do not "enlist"; the everyday men, women, the physically unfit and the under-aged. We are all privates in the army of Uncle Sam, whether we are civilian clothes or a uniform; whether we are men, women or children; and Uncle Sam expects you to do your duty as a private. This war is not going to be over in a few months. We have before long years of fighting before us, and the United States must bear the brunt. There will be thousands of our boys who never will come home. They will rest under little wooden crosses somewhere in France. Did you ever see a little wooden cross somewhere in France? Do you realize what it means? Let me try to explain its significance.

Go over to the American Sector in France, this very night, about six or seven hundred yards behind the front line trenche. A German shell bursts in the air and lights up the ground with a red flare. In this crimson light, ploughing forward, sinking over your shoe-tops in the mud, or else down up to your knees, you will see, silhouetted against a red sky-line, two little rough pine boards, nailed together in the shape of a cross, standing at the head of a little heaped-up mound of dirt. Perhaps you will have to scrape mud from this little cross to decipher the crude inscription in black paint. It will read something like this:

Private John Smith, No. 5203,
Co. A, 169th U. S. Infty., 249th Brigade.
Killed in Action, July 1, 1918
R. I. P.

This little wooden cross means that an American soldier is dead, and is buried in the ground of France, thousands of miles across the water, and that he is never again going to see this God's country of ours, and God's people. It means that he is lying over there, lonely, his soul praying to the army of the people who stay at home, either to avenge his death, or to support his mates, who are fighting above his head in the trenches of France. In time the elements will destroy that little cross, and perhaps a bursting shell will level that little mound of dirt, and all trace of the resting-place of that heroic soldier who gave his life for his country is wiped out forever.

It is up to the "army of the people who stay at home" to say whether or not hundreds of thousands of these crosses shall spring up all over France. For if you do not support our fighting army it means that they will be mercilessly slaughtered and massacred by, and systematically fed, this serpent, hundreds of thousands of deaths. Even now, our wounded soldiers are returning. Some have an arm missing, others a leg gone, while others are sightless. Soon it will be a common thing to see a wounded soldier hobbling along on crutches, leading a blind man—good pals, tried and true.

Now remember, American, when the peace treaty is signed, either in Berlin or in Paris or Washington, as we dictate it to be signed, it does not mean that these boys will get their arms back, nor their legs back, nor have their sight restored. Perhaps years to come, when this war is more or less dead in our memories, and the dark of our souls are less sombre, these handicapped lads will have to struggle for an existence. It is the wonder if it is that so many lives as it is until the end. There is not a one of every hundred of these boys who will not be a charge upon the country. They will be a constant reminder of this war, and of the part we took in it. Are we going to let these boys, who gave so much for us, be objects of charity? Are we going to let them walk the streets with a tin cup in their hand, begging for alms? Are we going to let them be herded into poor-houses, and into institutions for the feeble-minded? Are we going to let them be forced to sell pencils on the street corners? Are we going to let them be forced to do all this, and more, because we are too selfish to do our bit? Are we going to let them be forced to do all this, because we are too selfish to do our bit? Are we going to let them be forced to do all this, because we are too selfish to do our bit?

Are these wounded Americans, after receiving their own country which they fought and bled for, to pick up a German newspaper from any newsstand, and read an American casualty list printed in German? Is that poor wounded lad going to be allowed to read under the caption "Killed," his own name printed in German; or under the caption, "Killed," the names of his mates, printed in German, whom he saw killed in the front-line trenches of France by the Germans?

Americans, this is an insult to the Star Spangled Banner. This is an insult to your own intelligence, and an insult to every man who wears the uniform of the United States of America, and our Allies. I say, while we are at war with Germany (that you do afterwards, I don't give a damn) wipe out the German language in the United States, wipe out the German newspapers, and make this America for Americans.

If there are any persons in the United States of America, who have German blood in their veins, or who have not German blood in their veins, and who take the slightest offense at what I have written, I am tickled to death, because I want to reach them. They are not one hundred per cent American. I care must be pro-German, and mark my words, before this war is over, they are going to be put where they belong—in an internment camp, behind barbed wire, with an American soldier standing guard over wire, with an American soldier standing guard over them with a fixed bayonet, watching their every move. But if I had my way, I would line them up against a wall in front of a firing squad, and shoot them as traitors and enemies of the United States of America

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